Numb. 4.

The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Discoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Passages, and Remarkable Transactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Wednesday the 26th of January, to Candlemas-day, 1698.

January 26. From my Lodgings in Kent-street.

HAving in my last acquainted you with the Difficulties I strugl'd under, being a Stranger, and as unskill'd in the *Language* of the Nation as a *Horse-Doctor* in *Phlebotomy*; So now I must inform you, that the many attempts, of some Persons desperately Wicked, to take away my Life, for fear I should expose their *Vices*, has oblig'd me, under the Disguize of a *Mendicant*, to take up my Lodging here amongst the *Mumpers*, where no other Musick fills my Ears, than the harsh, unpleasant Complaints of the Decay of Trade; insomuch that the very *Blind Men* swear by this *Light*, they never *Saw* the like since their Mothers bound their Heads. And the most substantial amongst them are utterly discouraged to allow their Bantlings the liberal Education of *Begging*, *Prigging* and *Nipping*. However they have some hopes of a seasonable supply from a friend of theirs in the next Lane, who understands *Minerals* better than *Letters*, and is already come as near the *Philosophers-Stone*, as ever Fryer *Bacon* was to Walling *England* about with Brass.

From our Office, Jan. 27. By certain Intelligence, we have full assurance of a strict Union, *durante Vita*, betwixt *Honour* and *Honesty*; and that (which is as wonderful as a *Black Swan*) purely for *Virtues* sake; A *Transaction* worthy to be *Inroll'd* in *Gold*; and consequently our Remark. A Youthful Widow (Relict of a noted *Coffee-Man* within the liberties of fair *Augusta*) to whom *Nature* has been very lavish in her *Favours*, endowing her as well with excellent *Gifts* of *Mind*, as *Rare Features* of *Body*, was greatly Sollicited by a Young Nobleman; but well knowing the disproportion of their Fortunes; and sensibly perceiving his *Drift*, notwithstanding all his *Golden Promises* and *Great Offers*, with a *Lowliness* of *Speech*, and a *Meekness* of *Carriage*, able to melt an *Adamantine Heart*, she thus accosted him, in the very midst of his Career, *My Lord, with all due Respect to your Worth and Dignity, I am very sensible of the Inequality of our Stations; and, as* Fortune *has render'd me uncapable of being a suitable* Match *for you; so* Grace *has elevated me far above violating my* Chastity, *were it for* Crowns *and* Sceptres; *therefore I must desire you to desist your importuning.* After such-like expressions as these, he, for the present, departed much Dissatisfy'd and Affronted; but, after a few days Pause and Consideration, return'd, and Crown'd her *Virtue* with an *Honourable Marriage*; Rewarded her *Chastity* with the Revenues of a *Wealthy Lordship*. May *Virtue* never meet with worse Encouragement, is the Prayer of Old *Lucian*.

New Sodom, Jan. 30th. This day a *Youthful Spark*, Prentice to an Eminent *Goldsmith*, having put on a *Rich New Suit* of *Cloaths*, after strutting about all day, would needs wind up his Adventures with the Enjoyment of a *Dalilah* at Night; accordingly he repairs to their place of general Rendezvous aforesaid; where immediately he was courteously received and Conducted by a Kind *Mother of Lust* into a Neighbouring Room of pleasure; where after a hearting Cup, he revell'd in all the delights of Nature to the intire Gratification of his Lustful Appetite. His Game over, the cunning *Jilt* had still her Cards to play, for seeing no possibility of any other gratuity than a single *Silver Piece value* 12 pence, the rest being Sacrific'd to *Bacchus*, she was resolutely bent to make an Entire Purchase of his gawdy Plumes, and accordingly briskly call'd for a fresh Bottle of the Best, *in drinking which*, quoth she, *as a reward for your excellent Performances, I will contrive some* diverting Entertainment *or other*. Now being a curious *Tongue-Pad*, he was wonderfully charm'd with her Eloquence, which she took the Advantage of, *telling him if he would unrigg, and lend her his Cloaths, for half an Hour, she would bring in such a Jolly crew of active Dames, as should perform such lecherous Agilities, as would far outvie what ever has been related or done by Madam* Creswel, posture Moll, *Countess* of Alsatia, *or any* German *Tumbler*, or Italian *Rope dancer whatever*. Upon which he forthwith untas'd, gave her his Bravery, and don'd her Female Raggs; nay, so confident was he of his Mrs, that Rings, Cane, Peruke and every thing else, were at her Devotion. Thus Equipp'd down stairs she went, taking a silent farewel of him. The space of an Hour with great Patience and longing Expectation, he waited, and then Knock'd, enquiring of the Domestick Maid, who immediatly came up, for such

such and such a Person, whom she pretended an Intire Ignorance of, and so whipp'd down stairs: He Knock'd again, then came Mother Baud, who gave him a very strange sort of a Salutation, Calling him *Bitch*, *Whore*, *Cheat*, *Pick-pocket*, and what not, telling him, if he would not quickly deposite his Reckoning, she would forthwith Strip him, which accordingly she did, he having not *one Cross* to bless himself with. Thus, half naked, in a Petticoat Slit up to the Breech, an old Broken pair of Stays, and a few ragged Head-Cloaths, he was kick'd down Stairs, and so forc'd home.

Cornhil, Jan. 30. This Morning a Gentleman going to the Shop of a *Spruttisier* of *Physiognomie* (to whom he was a Quarter Customer) to have the superfluous Hairs taken from his Face; and finding none but a young *Porter-Scraper* in it, he ask'd him for his Master, *Sir*, said the Boy, *he is at the next Ale-House*, *Pox on the Ale-House*, reply'd the Gentleman, *I hate them as your Master does his Shop*. So away he goes, to Ferret the Fool out of *Sots Paradice*; having enter'd the House, he sees (through a Cloud of Smoke) *Tonson* in a corner, reading one of the *News-Papers*; and as he was going towards him, the *Finger-snapper* spies his Customer, salutes him with *Your Servant Master, will you be pleas'd to accept of a Pot? Are not you*, reply'd the Gentleman, *an Idle Fellow to waste your Time in reading that simple Stuff, and spend your Money to Inrich these* Beggar-makers, *and leave no body at home to do your Business?* These *Razorlike* words turn'd the edge of the *Shavers* diversion, and made him trot home with more speed than usual, where he found his Wife ready to give him his welcome, *Ah* Thomas, said she, *will you never leave this course of Life, from six in the Morning till nine at the Ale-House, and from six in the Evening till twelve at the Tavern, whilst I, poor Woman, am forc'd to sit at home and drink* Cold *Water*? Cold! (Quoth the Loving Husband) *Ye silly Jade why don't you Warm it?*

Lombard-street, Jan. 31. Here is great expectation of, and provision for Monsieur *Epicure Mammon*, Envoy extraordinary from the great *Plutus*, Emperour of the *Indies*, whose principal Pallace has been for many years in this place; He hath lately published an Edict straitly charging all his Subjects to absent themselves from Gaming-Ordinaries, Taverns, & Play-Houses as much as possible; and not too much to addict themselves to Horse-races, Cock-matches, Hawks, and Hounds; but most especially to beware of Surety-ship, New-projects, Treating of Women, and buying of Church-lands, as they will answer the contrary at their peril. His Harbingers say, he comes with a resolution to cure the King's-Bench-Cramp, and Consumption of the Counting-houses; To Truss the Ruptures of Credit; rectify dislocated Officers; and set broken Promises; To effect which, he brings over a Mineral ready prepared, and of Soverain Vertue in all the forementioned Distempers: And tho' there are of late several Pretenders to these kind of *Catholicon's*, such as will undertake to obviate all maladies with one Remedy: Yet this I the rather think to be real, because I hear of no Bills yet extant setting forth the Vertues of it, with Attestations of such as know nothing of the Matter.

Ass-trological Paradoxes.

UPon a dark, light, gloomy, Sun shine day;
As I in *August* went to gather *May*,
It was at Noon, near ten a clock at Night,
The Sun being set, did shine exceeding bright;
Then shutting of my eyes, I saw him mount
Five hundred fathoms deep, by just account.
When strait a Woodcock did a Phenix hatch,
A Spiders webb an Elephant did catch.
Do what you can *Madge Howlet* is an Owl,
And Beans well butter'd is a dainty fowl:
For as the Gout is but a pleasing Itch;
So a Bear-garden Bull-Dogg is a Bitch;
'Tis not so farr to *Hogsdon* as to *Greece*,
Where long silk laces are but pence a piece:
Bow steeple rides a horse-back through *Cheapside*,
And with him takes a Net to stop the Tide;
'Tis very common is where I was born,
To see a Camel reap a field of corn:
But since *Jack Wilson's* Mare hath broke her crupper
Dress me a dish of Æ diphthongs for supper.
When giddy *Phaeton* rul'd the flaming Sun,
Before his fiery Steeds their course had run;
The North wind blew a strong South-Western gale,
And fill'd with mighty force a Cabbage sale,
But hearing of the Drums loud martial sound,
The King of *Pigmies* at that time was crown'd.
Besides all this, as I did hear some say,
Nell Shanks was crown'd Lady of the *May*.
Six times the Sun hath run his annual course,
Since *Dick* took *Dol* for better or for worse;
But all the news is now about the City,
A Fool that's rich, is like a Woman witty;
Neither, of what they have, know the right use.
For he that throws tray-ace doth miss a duce.
Hungarian Peacoks white as crimson geese,
Make Hocus Pocus show but pence a piece,
Pray tell not me, these things are past dispute;
Hobnails and Thistles, both are dainty fruit:
But for to eat me thinks I greatly long,
A butter'd Haycock or a Lobsters tongue,
Yet if I am not very much mistaken,
There's nothing like a Wither'd Baud and Bacon.
'Tis almost past the memory of man,
Since famous *Arthur* first in Court began;
Blind men may see, and deaf men all shall hear,
How dumb men talk because Cow-hides are dear.
The Dean of *Dunstable* has bought and sold
Twelve lies new printed, for two groats in gold;
But lately there's come forth a gallant story,
Of wars betwixt *Achilles* and *John Dory*:
'Twas Dedicated to the Isle of *Lundi*,
An embleme right of *Transit gloria mundi*.
What can be done more, what more can be said,
Let's play at Blind-mans-buff for Ginger-bread.
But it appears most plainly from the Text,
They that die this year shall not die the next;
It is because the Moon is moist and cold,
They that are Hang'd when young shall here be old.
But he's no Heretick that's of opinion,
That rosted mutton's good meat with an onion;
But of this maxim you may make no doubt,
Those that in *New-gate* are would fain be out;
If *Mars* and *Ursus* in conjunction meet,
The Moon may hap to shine in *Watling-street*.
If this be not stanch Truth we all are Liars,
Ask *Patridge John*, or else *Case Jack* i'th' *Friars*.

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